



#### Ice For Dairy Purposes.

It is not alone for creameries that ice is important and necessary. The farmer's wife who sets her milk in pans the old-fashioned way cannot do her butter justice unless she has an ice house to go to for ice to keep her butter firm in hot weather. She is usually obliged to adopt such makeshifts as hanging her butter suspended in a pail in the well or putting it in the cellar, which, though cool enough, is often too filled with odors to be a proper receptacle of butter.—Boston Cultivator.

#### The Woman's Horse.

If there is anything that gives me a severe attack of "that tired feeling" and drains my cup of sympathy to the dregs, it is the farmer's wife who is always telling that she can't go anywhere because she has no horse to drive. From the frequency of the remark I've almost concluded that these women comprise three-fourths of the population of Michigan.

Two of my greatest objections to farm life are the abominably early hours at which the average farmer gets up in the morning, and the wretched horses that he often owns. I really don't know which is the more entitled to commiseration—the woman who has no driving horse at all or the one who is compelled to drive an old plow of an equine that cannot set a pace higher than three miles an hour. One drove by just a few minutes ago, and she is the direct cause of this article. She was pretty and stylish, but I'm willing to make affidavit before any judge in the State that the horse over which she held the ribbons has a ringbone, a spavin, a severe case of heaves and is blind in one eye. Her look and the way she used the whip, plainly said she was in a hurry. The look and action of the horse said also that he was not in a hurry. In a contest between the two I'll stake my wager on the horse.

I watched them over the hill and out of sight and fell to counting up how many of her type I knew. The list is appalling. To be sure there are many women too timid to drive a horse with any "life," but there are also many perfectly competent to manage a spirited animal if only they had a chance to try.

There was much excuse for the "man in the case," when horses were valued in the hundreds, but at present prices it seems as if every family might own one just for the "wimmen folks," one that can be always available for shopping or visiting, and one that the children may safely handle. It needs a reliable, good-tempered steed for such an all-around use, but such animals can be found, and they are not necessarily old, broken-down plow horses. It costs just as much to keep a homely, disreputable nag as one in which the owner can take some pride. Brown Bess, my own driving horse, is a family friend and the greatest of pets. We are all proud and fond of her, and should any accident befall her I fancy they'd be as much grieving as though one of the family was injured.

The average man likes to own a horse that he knows no woman can control. Not a very high ambition, still one that no sensible woman will object to if only she be allowed a presentable steed of her own. That sense of ownership! How much it means! Bicycles and horseless carriages may rival horseflesh, but they can never supplant it. There is a joy in holding the ribbons over a mettlesome steed that no mere machinery can ever inspire. There is a thrill that comes when your pet measures speed with the "other fellow's" that is one of the keen pleasures of life.

So, my sisters, persuade "John" to keep a horse for your use. Once you realize the pleasure of pride and ownership in a horse that is worth owning you'll never be content without one. Learn to harness and care for it yourself. It's a very easy thing to do; a few lessons will make you proficient, and by so doing you will learn the little peculiarities of disposition that are as common to horseflesh as to men and women. Horses are quick to know and love their master, and by this personal contact you will win an affection that is worth having.—Detroit Free Press.

#### Farm and Garden Notes.

When the fowls are restless and constantly picking their feathers they are infested with vermin.

When the manure is hard and a portion is white it indicates a healthy condition of the digestive organs.

When the edge of the comb and wattles are of a purplish red and the movements sluggish there is something wrong.

In working two horses harnessed together, care could be taken to have them as nearly matched, as to strength, as possible.

As a remedy for roup in its first stages try burning tar and turpentine in the poultry house after the fowls have gone to roost.

A white calceolaria is one of the new floral acquisitions. It is a native of Chili and makes a beautiful plant for the window garden.

Some white varieties of corn are better than the yellow and some yellow varieties better than the white. Color has little to do with quality.

A farmer does not have to skin a sheep to get its wool, but the average money lender in dealing with farmers does not treat them thus humanely.

Sunflower seed is an excellent food for fowls and can be raised cheaper than corn. It is fattening and gives the fowls a bright, lustrous plumage.

When young poultry, especially ducklings, appear to have a sore throat and swallowing is difficult, it is the symptom of the large gray lice on the neck.

When fowls lie around, indifferent to their surroundings, they are too fat, and death from apoplexy, indigestion or liver complaint will result unless the trouble is corrected.

If a fowl has a bilious look, with alternate attacks of dysentery and constipation, it is suffering with liver complaint. A lack of grit, overfeeding and idleness will cause this trouble.

If in need of some cheap power for pumping, churning, shelling corn, making cider, etc., get a good windmill and utilize a few of the thousands of horsepower going to waste all around you.

Fowls which are fed and cared for regularly will thrive much better on the same food than another flock which is fed irregularly as to both time and quantity. They will lay much better and will be more free from disease.

As a rule, says Gardening, all herbaceous plants should be cut down to within a few inches of the ground before taking them up late in the fall after frost has destroyed their foliage. This is as true of those that are transplanted in the open ground as of those that are housed during the winter.

#### When Man is Dangerous.

It is a singular fact, yet one substantiated by statistics, that most crime is committed in New York by men twenty-nine years old. This is not only true of the lesser, but also of the greater crimes, although a man is presumed to be at that period of his life not only in the zenith of his physical but also in full and complete possession of his mental powers, with a complete appreciation of right and wrong and their respective consequences. This condition is a problem which has not been solved by the student of criminology, and one which is made the more complex by the fact that the ages of twenty-one, twenty-seven and forty-five years nearly equal it, with the intervening years showing a far less percentage of crime.

It is indeed peculiar that the criminal tendency should be so strong at twenty-nine, with no such inclination, so far as criminal statistics show, in as great a degree for the succeeding sixteen years, and then another outburst of the animal in man.

This condition is found to be true by actual figures, and as all statistical computations at which average conditions are sought to be determined are arrived at by this method, so may the student of this subject, as well as the insurance magnate who bases his rates on the general average of losses in proportion to the risks taken, and does so with full safety, employ it in solving the problem before him.

Charles K. Baker, chief clerk to Superintendent Lathrop, of the New York Bureau of Statistics, has made this subject one of close study, and will soon have completed a table showing this to be true. He has already completed one relative to murderers serving life sentences in the penal institutions, and its figures bear out the general conclusion. He offers at this time no explanation for this, but hopes after he has exhausted the subject, so far as the presentation of figures is concerned, to be able to set forth reasons why these years should be productive of the most crime.—Chicago Times-Herald.

#### Warning to Confirmed Humorists.

"What did you get on it?" Judge Cowing asked a man brought before him to be sentenced for stealing an umbrella. "Rain," was the answer. Humorists and punsters will observe that this living menace to the peace of society received a sentence of two and a half years in State's prison.—New York Herald.

#### Coal at the Century's End.

Professor Edward Hall, U. S. S., estimates that about 58,275,700,000 tons of coal will remain within a depth of 4000 feet at the end of the century.

Oh, Harry came along the lane  
And he was very late.  
He hurried on to catch the train  
And had no time to wait.  
He must hasten—but against the pane  
He caught a glimpse of Kate,  
And he didn't, he didn't, he didn't.

Oh, Katie had her doughnuts cut,  
Her sponge was light as air;  
Her pies were in the oven shut  
And needed all her care;  
She must give them every moment, but  
She spied young Harry there,  
And she didn't, she didn't, she didn't.

Oh, Harry stopped and spoke a word  
And spoke it very low.  
And yet I think that Katie heard  
And still believed it so.  
Tho' all the while the youth averred  
That he would have to go,  
But he didn't, he didn't, he didn't.

Oh, Katie said the fire was warm  
And she was "like to drop";  
And Harry seemed to think his arm  
Was needed as a prop;  
And Katie was in such alarm,  
She said that he must stop,  
But he didn't, he didn't, he didn't.

And as he held her to his breast  
And thought of what he'd missed  
With Katie waiting in her nest,  
Just longing to be kissed,  
He bent his head, her face was hid,  
I saw a flash and gleam  
Of lovely eyes, and then—he did—  
I thought the girl would scream.  
But—  
—J. E. V. Cook, in What to Eat.

#### PITH AND POINT.

He—"I am willing to admit I was wrong." She—"I expect you to do more than that. You must admit that I was right."—Pack.

"What do you think of the chainless wheel?" "I am not thinking about it at all. What I want is a wheel that will stand upright."—Philadelphia North American.

"Blanche is dreadfully stingy." "How do you know?" "She was going to pay our carfare, and I said it was my turn."—"Well?" "And she let me pay it."—Chicago Record.

Professor—"Science has enabled us to photograph the stars." Softly—"Yaws, by Jove; and you've got one of the pictahs with ev'ny pack of cigahwets, doncher know?"—Chicago News.

Mrs. Medders—"Well, I guess hard times air gone, Silas." Mr. Medders—"Looks that way. I guess now we can afford to stay hum from meetin' once in a while of a Sunday, and bring out the checker-board ag'in."—Truth.

Dad—"I should like to know how many times I have got to call for this money before I get it." Debtor—"Well, some people are curious about such things; but, frankly, it's a matter that doesn't interest me in the slightest."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Porkchops (in Europe)—"They say the family used to have hundreds of retainers." Mr. Porkchops—"Spent 'em all, did they?" Mrs. Porkchops—"Spent them?" I guess you don't know what a retainer is." Mr. Porkchops—"I don't, don't I? I guess I've had as much law business as most folks."—Pack.

"Peacock feathers and shells are considered unlucky, are they not?" inquired the lady who is writing a book on superstitions. "I dunno about peacock feathers bein' unlucky," replied Mrs. Cornstossel, "but I know shells is, because last week Josiah lost eleven dollars in a game that was played with 'em."—Washington Star.

"Darling," he said, "did you tell your father that you were engaged?" "Yes, George, I did," replied the maiden, but she looked so troubled that it was some time before he mastered our courage to pursue the subject. "What did he say?" he asked finally. "I don't know," she answered. "He went out to the woodshed to say it."—Chicago Post.

"I must get a book and read about the single tax," said Miss Cayenne thoughtfully. "I don't see why," replied Willie Washington. "After you understand it it's hard to explain, and you can't get anybody to remain and listen to you." "I am going to read up on it, anyhow. And the next time you call on me I'll see if I can tell you all about it."—Washington Star.

#### Necktie Made From a Snake's Skin.

"This necktie that I wear is made from the skin of a diamond-backed rattler," declared John H. Burgess, of Bennington, Vt. "It is a souvenir of my sojourn in the West. One day, while riding in the Black Hills, I was faced by a diamond-backed rattlesnake, which is one of the most poisonous of its species. Being unfamiliar with the character of the reptile, I sprang from my horse and tried to kill the snake with my boot heel. The snake darted at me, piercing its fangs into my riding trousers. I then killed it with my riding whip. The snake had four fangs, and was one of the largest ever seen in that part of the Black Hills. It was five feet long and had twenty-three rattles."—Chicago Times-Herald.

#### A Sea-Perch Seven Feet Long.

An enormous sea-perch was recently caught off Aden by some of the men of the Carthage. The bait used was the head of a shark, weighing seven pounds, and when this was bolted there was not much difficulty in getting him on board, with the help of a running bow-line. His length was 7 feet, his girth 5 feet 1/2 inch, and his weight 424 pounds.—Westminster Gazette.



#### What Women Are Doing.

In 1890, says the Syracuse Herald, there were 1500 women stenographers or typewriters in New York, while today the number has passed 10,000. There were 1600 bookkeepers, and the number is now twice as great. There were 4500 teachers of all sorts, while at the present moment there are more than that upon the books of the Board of Education. In 1890 there were 1200 musicians and teachers of music, while now there are more than 2000. There were then but three women lawyers, and now there are several hundred. There are considerable numbers of women now to be found among architects, artists, art teachers, authors, clergymen, deaconesses, dentists, designers, engineers, newspaper workers, Government officers, physicians, college professors, barbers, real estate agents, brokers, commercial travelers, peddlers, telegraph operators, telephone operators, electric light experts, cigarmakers, tobacco-workers, composers, pressmen, confectioners, engravers, glass workers, glass decorators, goldsmiths, silversmiths, cigarette-makers, gold-beaters and advertising agents. In fact, at the present time women are engaged in over nine hundred different industries or callings in the great city.

#### Women and Low Salaries.

According to Walter Besant, the English novelist, low salaries and wages in America are largely due to the fact that women are crowding themselves into almost every occupation and underbidding the men. He suggests as a remedy that the women organize unions and agree upon a scale of salaries and wages.

Besant's attention was first attracted to the very low salaries paid to American newspaper men, and he investigated the matter. He deduces that journalism in this country is at a low ebb and is going downward, mainly because the influx of women has made it necessary for their male competitors to accept lower salaries.

The Englishman gets only a glimpse of the truth. Employers seem to think that, because a toiler is a woman, she must not receive a man's pay. In the course of time this injustice will be corrected, because it is not based upon business principles. In many occupations in this country salaries are low because the supply of labor is greater than the demand. Hundreds of thousands of young men and women are anxious to get a foothold on newspapers, and are willing to work for nothing at the start, or next to nothing.

But, while this is true, it is also a fact that the man who can convince others that his work is of a very superior order, and will profit his employers more than inferior work, will always be able to find a place at a fair and sometimes a high salary.

It is not just to blame the women for low salaries. They should be congratulated upon the prospect of a wider field for them, and if they can give better satisfaction than the men, it is all right. There are plenty of occupations in which men can work without fear of being driven out by the women.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

#### What Minnie Wheeler Did.

On the counter of a great Broadway establishment on Saturday was a beautiful bonnet. It was a Paris confection, flowers, ribbons, plumes, tips, ah, such an exquisite thing, and the most attractive feature was the price, which had been reduced from \$59.99 to \$35.49.

An eighteen-year-old girl named Minnie Wheeler walked in this same milliner's store to purchase a covering for her golden-crowned head. She was a housemaid at 1420 Clark avenue, and she had toiled and saved for months and months to get the money to purchase a stunning winter outfit. Her earnings amounted to \$35.85.

She looked at hats, any number of hats, and none of them suited her, until she discovered this \$35.49 Paris creation. Her heart palpitated with delight. She must have it, she would have it; and she did have it. Dresses were forgotten, everything was forgotten, but the facsimile of the hat worn by some great, grand lady. She purchased it, and she placed it upon her sunny hair, and she paced up and down Clark avenue, and drove the other housegirls into a frenzy.

It was lovely for one day. Then some one sneered at the wonderful contrast between the dress, shoes and other clothing and the wonderful bonnet.

Minnie realized it, and she hid the horrid, beautiful thing away down in her trunk. Her spirits dropped despite the efforts of her friends to cheer

her, and yesterday she could stand her sorrow no longer.

She still had twenty-five cents, and she spent that for morphine. She swallowed it, but could not help groaning because of her sorrow and the pain in her stomach, and the family heard it. They summoned a policeman, and he summoned an ambulance, and Minnie was taken to the City Hospital, where Dr. Satter pumped her out, and said she would live.

As soon as she is better the doctor will advise her to dispose of the Parisian article, purchase a plain American affair and buy clothes to match. The girl is only eighteen years old, and hasn't had a great deal of experience in toilet matters.—St. Louis Star.

#### Fashion Notes.

Strange as it may sound, the theatre hat proper is really the biggest and boldest affair imaginable. Yet no one finds fault with it, as its wearer always takes it off.

The beautiful silvery gray feather boas, so popular in Paris at the beginning of the season, have been already discarded by the smartly dressed women, as they are too generally seen.

Very smart are dresses of gray beige made with bodices pouched back and front, and completed with hats of silvery gray straw, having only a white paradise plume and a bow astrimming.

Muffs come in the exaggerated sizes this year, but the most popular muf will be of medium size. It will have plenty of room for the hands, and room for a circulation of air, but it is not gigantic.

Lace gowns of every sort and kind are fashionable. White Brussels lace is a very simple design, made over white taffeta, and plainly hemmed at the bottom, makes one of the pretty new evening dresses. It has long transparent sleeves and a fichu trimmed with Brussels edging draped around the shoulders.

Youthful brides prefer white satin to all other fabrics, and if one is to have an expensive dress it is unquestionably the best selection. It should be made up in the very simplest fashion, with plain sweeping skirt, a waist cut high at the throat and sleeves quite full at the tops, fitting the arms closely below the elbows and finished at the wrists with lace ruffles.

#### The Great Dane Dog.

The Great Dane, the exhibition dog of to-day, and growing every day in favor as a beautiful and "biddable" dog, is the modern representative of the boarhound. On the Continent, where its Danish origin is repudiated, it is called the German mastiff, and under this head all its varieties are classed at shows; while in this country we call it the Great Dane, and catalogue under that name all the varieties of German mastiff, so that, taking the one from the other, the dog comes by its rights.

It is a beautiful creature, this Great Dane, and gives the impression at once of both power and activity, and its temper—look at its small keen eyes—is exactly what one might expect from a dog of war and of the chase, veneered with the elegancies of civilization, for it is equable and (de haut en bas) good-tempered, but woe to the object that irritates it. The conciliatory stranger who goes to pat one as if it were a lapdog finds a great blunt nozzle thrust forcibly and roughly into his hand, or, perhaps, into his ribs, as who should say, "All right, old fellow, I'm not going to hurt you; you needn't pat me and call me good dog." He never awaits your permission to make your acquaintance, but introduces himself without formality if he wishes to know you. Going through a narrow passage, a Great Dane will take up more than half the room. He does not drop behind like the elegant-mannered St. Bernard with a polite "man before dogs" sort of air, but hustles you robustly for equal space. Not that he is a dangerous dog. He is simply a boarhound, a creature of immense strength and infinite courage, and courteous only out of condescension.—Good Words.

#### The Russian Egg Market.

A London paper says that Russia now completely dominates the London egg market to the great disadvantage of the egg merchants in Hungary. The fact is, the Russian Government has, of recent years, done much to promote the agricultural welfare of Russia. But now the controllers of the Austro-Hungarian State railways are making special rates in order to favor the egg merchants and to promote their trade to Great Britain.